



XUM

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1841.

## REVIEWS

*Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* By George Catlin. In 2 vols., with 400 illustrations: Vol. I. Published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Mr. Catlin must be known personally, or by name and fame, to most of our readers. It is now nearly three years (No. 609) since an American correspondent first awakened our curiosity respecting this enterprising artist and traveler; two years (No. 640) since we visited his Indian Gallery. The public have since fully confirmed the judgment we then pronounced on it, as the most interesting Exhibition which, in our recollection, had been opened in London. The publication of the work before us will, therefore, be most acceptable—to those who have seen the Exhibition, as serving to refresh their memories—to those who have not, as helping to explain that of which they have heard so much—to all, as a pleasant narrative of adventure, and a circumstantial and detailed history of the manners and customs of an interesting people, whose fate is sealed—whose days are numbered—whose extinction is certain. The work is not, of course, to be examined critically. An artist who has spent years some thousands of miles beyond the limits of civilized life; who has dragged his weary way through the trackless wilderness, floated for days together down unknown rivers, and this often at the hazard of his life, with his pencil in one hand and his rifle in the other, is not to be questioned about minor matters. A man so situated could have had but little leisure to write at all, even to record passing events and observation,—little time even to think; and yet there is no trace of the vague, faint, bodiless forms which usually characterize scenes when described from memory—the strangeness of all surrounding nature appears to have impressed itself deeply on memory—and no wonder, for it was strange enough, as Mr. Catlin briefly but graphically represents it, “a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws, but those of honour, are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton-wood and pecan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain-sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering parroquet supply the place of the red-breast and the blue-bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns!—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in looks. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords; where the sun and rats alone (of all the list of old acquaintance,) could be recognized in this country of strange metamorphose.” The reader will feel, as we have, that something of interest arises from the very absence of all art in this narrative.

The value of the collection gathered by Mr. Catlin is greatly enhanced by the admitted fact, that the race of red men is fast perishing, and must soon be extinct. It is but a few hundred years since white men first set foot in their country, and when their numbers exceeded, it is believed, sixteen millions: when, as Mr. Catlin expresses it, “sixteen millions sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection:” happy and contented beings, according to their limited views and capacities, enjoying all the luxuries they knew of, and therefore cared for: and now, of these sixteen millions, not two remain in all that vast continent! and of these the greater part have been degraded and demoralized by their intercourse with white men.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether those which yet remain uncontaminated in the far wilderness exceed half a million, and whiskey and white men, and disease and demoralization are already on their trail. Of the Mandans, “the gentle and courteous Mandans,” as they were designated even by the traders and trappers, two thousand in number in 1837, when Mr. Catlin visited them, not a single man remains—the race is extinct! The small pox, unknown till their intercourse with white men, broke out among them; only thirty-five escaped its ravages, and these were forthwith butchered by a hostile tribe!

But it is time that we should formally introduce the traveller to our readers. Mr. Catlin is, it appears, a native of Wyoming—“fair Wyoming,”—his parents entered the valley as settlers soon after the “Indian Massacre.” The influences of the poet were not unfelt by the boy artist; the picture which the one had drawn of the Oneidee chief first awakened in the other a desire to visit the red men:—“The sad tale of my native ‘valley,’ (says Mr. Catlin) has been beautifully sung; and from the flight of ‘Gertrude’s’ soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded, and admiration worked a charm.”

While Mr. Catlin was studying his art at Philadelphia, a delegation of Indians arrived there, arrayed and equipped, as he says, “in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter’s palette.” The early passion was thus again revived, and he resolved to be off to the “Far West,” and to become the historian of the red man. The “Far West”—what a vague idea these words convey, even to the Americans. We cannot do Mr. Catlin better service than to give here the dramatic sketch with which he illustrates these words:—

“In the commencement of my Tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo a steam-boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—‘Where from?’—‘From the West.’ In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me ‘Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West.’—In St. Louis, 1,400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the ‘West.’ I there asked—‘Whence come those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.’—‘From the West.’—‘Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?’—‘They come from Santa Fee, from the West.’—‘Whence goes this steam-boat so richly laden with dry-goods, steam engines, &c.’—‘She goes to Jefferson city.’—‘Jefferson city?’—‘Where is that?’—‘Far to the West.’—‘And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?’—‘She goes still farther to the West.’—‘Then,’ said I, ‘I’ll go to the West.’ I went on the Yellow Stone. \* \* \* Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone river—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. Who are they?—Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West.—And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?—These, Sir, are outfits starting for the West.—Going to the West, ha?—‘Then,’ said I, ‘I’ll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West.’ \* \* \* What, a Fort here, too?—‘Oui, Monsieur—oui, Monsieur (as a dauntless, and semibarbarian-looking, jolly fellow, dashed forth in

advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me). \* \* \* Ne parlez vous l’Anglais?—Non, Monsr. I speaks de French and de Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l’Anglais.—Well then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine.—Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty cutt Americaine.—You live here, I suppose?—Non, Monsieur, I comes fair from de West.—What, from the West! Where under the heavens is that?—Wat, diable! de West? well, you shall see, Monsieur, he is putty fair off, suppose.—Do you see anything of the ‘Flatheads’ in your country?—Non, Monsieur, ils demeurent very, very fair to de West.”

But we must proceed more soberly. Perhaps the reader, after this outline map of our long journey, will permit us to clear at a bound some fifteen hundred miles, and embark at once on the Missouri—two thousand miles are yet before us:—

“The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,090 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with it at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shell, which is a much whiter substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshest is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow, and from its boiling and wild character and uncommon colour, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a fresher upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary; there is a redeeming beauty in the green and carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton wood stand, and frown in horrid dark and coolness over the filthy abyss below; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they were germed and reared has been washed out from underneath them, and is with the rolling current mixed, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, are without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water’s edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance, softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist’s pencil. Such is the character of the upper part of the river especially; and as one advances towards its source, and through its upper half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been,

of his whitened shield, embossed and emblazoned with the figure of his protecting *medicine* (or mystery), his bow and quiver, his war-club or battle-axe, his dart or javelin—his tobacco pouch and pipe—his *medicine-bag*—and his eagle, ermine, or raven head-dress; and over all, and on the top of the post (as if placed by some conjuror or Indian magician, to guard and protect the spell of wildness that reigns in this strange place), stands forth and in full relief the head and horns of a buffalo, which is, by a village regulation, owned and possessed by every man in the nation, and hung at the head of his bed, which he uses as a mask when called upon by the chiefs to join in the buffalo-dance, of which I shall say more in a future epistle. This arrangement of beds, of arms, &c., combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colours, of furs, of trinkets—of barbed and glistening points and steel—of mysteries and hocus pocus, together with the sombre and smoked colour of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, gurgulous, story-telling and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes, wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire-sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them; present altogether, one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger that can be possibly seen; and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined."

Mr. Catlin observes, and truly, that great misapprehension prevails as to the character of the Indians; and no wonder—

"An Indian is a beggar in Washington City, and a white man is almost equally so in the Mandan village. An Indian in Washington is mute, is dumb and embarrassed; and so is a white man (and for the very same reasons) in this place—he has nobody to talk to. A wild Indian, to reach the civilized world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles of conveyance, to which he is unaccustomed—through latitudes and longitudes which are new to him—living on food that he is unused to—stared and gazed at by the thousands and tens of thousands whom he cannot talk to—his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxuries, which are enjoyed on the land, and over the bones of his ancestors. And at the end of his journey he stands (like a caged animal) to be scanned—to be criticized—to be pitied—and heralded to the world as a mute—as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach this village, must travel by steam-boat—by canoes—on horseback and on foot; swim rivers—wade quagmires—fight mosquitoes—patch his moccasins, and patch them again and again, and his breeches; live on meat alone—sleep on the ground the whole way, and think and dream of his friends he has left behind; and when he gets here, half-starved and half-naked, and more than half sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep, and for something to eat; a mute amongst thousands who flock about him, to look and to criticize, and to laugh at him for his jaded appearance, and to speak of him as they do of all white men (without distinction) as liars. These people are in the habit of seeing no white men in their country but Traders, and know of no other; deeming us all alike, and receiving us all under the presumption that we come to trade or barter; applying to us all indiscriminately, the epithet of 'liars' or Traders."

But small-talk, gossip, garrulity, and story-telling are, he says, especially characteristic of the Indians—and he gives us a pleasant sketch of Indian life as it appeared in the Mandan village, where he was residing:—

"One has but to walk or ride about this little town and its environs for a few hours in a pleasant day, and overlook the numerous games and gambols, where their notes and yelps of exultation are unceasingly vibrating in the atmosphere; or peep into their wigwams (and watch the glistening fun that's beaming from the noses, cheeks, and chins, of the crouching, cross-legged, and prostrate groups around the fire; where the pipe is passed, and jokes and anecdote and laughter are excessive) to become convinced that it is natural to laugh and be merry.

Indeed it would be strange if a race of people like these, who have little else to do or relish in life, should be curtailed in that source of pleasure and amusement; and it would be also strange, if a lifetime of indulgence and practice in so innocent and productive a mode of amusement, free from the cares and anxieties of business or professions, should not advance them in their modes, and enable them to draw far greater pleasure from such sources, than we in the civilized and business world can possibly feel. If the uncultivated condition of their minds curtails the number of their enjoyments; yet they are free from, and independent of, a thousand cares and jealousies, which arise from mercenary motives in the civilized world; and are yet far a-head of us (in my opinion) in the real and uninterrupted enjoyment of their simple natural faculties. They live in a country and communities, where it is not customary to look forward into the future with concern, for they live without incurring the expenses of life, which are absolutely necessary and unavoidable in the enlightened world; and of course their inclinations and faculties are solely directed to the enjoyment of the present day, without the sober reflections on the past or apprehensions of the future. With minds thus unexpanded and uninfluenced by the thousand passions and ambitions of civilized life, it is easy and natural to concentrate their thoughts and their conversation upon the little and trifling occurrences of their lives. They are fond of fun and good cheer, and can laugh easily and heartily at a slight joke, of which their peculiar modes of life furnish them an inexhaustible fund, and enable them to cheer their little circle about the wigwam fire-side with endless laughter and garrulity."

"The Mandans are certainly a very interesting and pleasing people in their personal appearance and manners; differing in many respects, both in looks and customs, from all other tribes which I have seen. They are not a warlike people; for they seldom, if ever, carry war into their enemies' country; but when invaded, show their valour and courage to be equal to that of any people on earth. Being a small tribe, and unable to contend on the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous; they have very judiciously located themselves in a permanent village, which is strongly fortified, and ensures their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts, and even luxuries of life, than any Indian nation I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe have taken many steps ahead of other tribes in manners and refinements (if I may be allowed to apply the word refinement to Indian life); and are therefore familiarly (and correctly) denominated, by the Traders and others, who have been amongst them, 'the polite and friendly Mandans.'"

With the fearful tortures voluntarily undergone, which mark the religious ceremonies of this tribe, we shall not concern ourselves. Portrait-painting, with its influences, is a pleasanter picture to dwell on:—

"Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. The art of portrait-painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much); looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced. They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined down-

wards and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words 'te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!' and walked off. That moment conferred an honour on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus pocus. I was recognized in that short sentence as a 'great *medicine* white man'; and since that time, have been regularly installed *medicine* or mystery, which is the most honourable degree that could be conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the doctors and conjurors of this titled community." \* \* After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom), they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way, and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung, and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive. During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises—after awhile, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually *siding* up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and *medicine* men took possession of my room, placing *soldiers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in. Monsr. Kipp (the agent of the Fur Company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted), at this time took a seat with the chiefs, and, speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits; and also expounded to them the manner in which they were made,—at which they seemed all to be very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognized, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelling; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams. \* \* The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly through the village, proclaiming me a most 'dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and at the same time, could, as a matter of course, destroy life in the same way, if I chose. That my *medicine* was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I pointed—that I was to take a part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves."

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medicine men (one would really suppose we were describing matters which concerned us much more nearly), contrived to raise alarm and opposition; and at length a Council was called to take the subject into consideration. Mr. Catlin attended; his explanations were held to be satisfactory, and he was forthwith installed as a Medicine:—

"I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the medicine-men, who received me upon the old adage, 'Similis simili gaudet.' I was invited to a feast, and they presented me a *she-she-quoi*, or a doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or a doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope—with ermine—with wild sage and bat's wings—and perfumed withal with the *choice* and *savory* odour of the pole-cat—a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of *Conjurati*."

We have already so far exceeded our usual bounds, that we must pause for a week at least.

*Manners and Household Expenses of England in the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Centuries: illustrated by Original Records.*

[Concluding Notice.]

THE third part of this work consists of the Private Accounts of Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, one of the most distinguished men of his time, and the founder of the honours "of all the Howards," but who is now, perhaps, best known as the "Jockey of Norfolk" of Shakespeare's 'Richard the Third.'

These Accounts extend from November 1462 to July 1469, and though they are by far the most curious illustrations of domestic manners and economy of the fifteenth century that have yet been published, with, perhaps, the exception of the Paston Correspondence, their principal attraction in our eyes is the light they throw on the character of the historical personage to whom they relate. Of the Accounts, the greater part were written by a steward, or other confidential servant; but very many items were entered by Sir John Howard himself; and he has also copied into the book various letters, which he had sent on his own affairs. The editor says that there are two manuscripts from which the work has been printed:—

"The first is in the valuable collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., at Middle Hill, who purchased it at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Craven Ord: the second is now the property of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk; it formerly belonged to the well known Peter le Neve, Norroy King at Arms, who has written on a fly-leaf at the beginning of the volume—'brought from Framlingham Castle in Suff., given to me by Mr. Thomas Martin, attorney at law, of Fulgrave in Suff., 1727.' Martin, it is believed, was likewise the owner of the former, as it was seen in a collection in Suffolk by Sir John Fenn, who extracted from it and printed the bill of the 'limp-pour of Bury,' as a note in the second volume of the Paston Letters, the originals of which belonged also to Martin. Both volumes are of the quarto size and written on paper, two or three folios only in the Middle Hill MS. are of vellum. It will be seen that the entries are made very irregularly; accounts of different years are intermixed and occur sometimes on the same page; this has led to a supposition that they were originally mere loose papers, which have been at some period bound together without any attempt to reduce them to order. To this opinion we do not subscribe, believing from a careful examination, that the volumes were always distinct, and that they are now in nearly the same state as when first written. In the Middle Hill MS. some folios have evidently been transposed during the process of re-binding; these we have restored to their proper positions. Many portions of the accounts are common to both volumes; and as the Middle Hill MS. is, generally speaking, the best of the two, we have given the variations of identical passages in the Nor-

folk MS. in the shape of foot-notes to it, and have entirely omitted them in printing the latter. The only liberty taken with the text has been that of extending contracted words and inserting a few points. It would, doubtless, have added to the value of the work if all the accounts had been reduced into strict chronological order, but this, in addition to being a work of very great labour, would have rendered the process of collation extremely difficult, besides giving an unfaithful presentment of the MSS. as they now exist, and as we believe them to have been originally written. It will be obvious that the text is susceptible of greater illustration in the form of notes, but as it was desirable to print both MSS. their very extent precluded the adoption of a plan which would have materially increased the size of this volume."

From the memoir of Sir John Howard, prefixed to the Accounts, it is desirable to give such facts as explain enough of his history to make the extracts understood; but the space at our command will be better filled with the more curious entries and letters, than either with the biography of the individual or our own comments, because the book, from being a private publication, is likely to fall into few hands.

Sir John Howard was the son of Sir Robert Howard, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. Through the interest of his mother's family he became Knight of the Shire for Norfolk in 1454, and having adhered to the house of York, was rewarded by Edward IV. with grants of land, and the posts of one of his Carvers, Constable of Norwich Castle, and Keeper of Colchester Castle. He distinguished himself in several expeditions both by sea and land; was made Treasurer of the Household in 1468, a Baron in 1470, a Knight of the Garter in 1472, and Admiral of the Fleet against the Scots in 1479. On the death of Edward IV. he ungratefully abandoned his son; and joining the Duke of Gloucester, was, on his accession as Richard III., created Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, and fell at Bosworth field.

The Accounts begin on the 5th of November, 2 Edw. IV., 1462, with a list of "the debts owing my mastery, Syr John Howard, off the Duke of Norfolk,"—i. e. his first cousin once removed, John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1475. Those debts consisted of payments made by Howard of articles purchased or money laid out for the Duke's use, for gowns, jackets, and other wearing apparel, wine, fees of 6s. 8d. to lawyers; daggers and other armour; 20s. for a signet of gold; 6s. 8d. to a man "that told who robbed Broke Wharf Hall;" for provisions, &c. Entries then occur in Sir John's own writing: two of which are—"I toke my lord before the tresorer to play at gardes, iij. s. iiij. d.;" "And I sent him the same weke be Wylem Doke, to play at gardes, iij. s. iiij. d."

In 1467 Sir John Howard was Deputy to the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, when the well known combat was fought in Smithfield between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, which explains the following entry:—

"And at the tyme that the lorde Scales and the Bastard of Borgoyen fowte I was my lordes debyte at his desyre, wesche koste me more than ccc. marke. The wesche my lordeste alowe me."

Sir John having undertaken to build, at his own cost, two carvels, a kind of small ship, for the King's service, one of which he named the "Mary Grace," many letters and items occur on the subject, which afford much information on naval antiquities. Nearly all the technical terms are still used in the navy. One article furnished for the ships has, however, long fallen into desuetude—"an ashe of ij yards long for to make a lanterne, and a stok for an ymage of our lady."

The letters are curious, and the orthography is the most extraordinary we ever met with. In almost every instance Sir John, like a Cockney, places the *h* where it should be omitted, and

omits it where it ought to be found. The annexed angry epistle was justified by some one having called him "a man of clouts:—"

"....ye schal honderstonde I have very kwolage that ye I have mekel on setenge langwache agenste me, were of I mervel gretely for I have geffen yowe no schwache kawse; also ye sey I hame no beter than a man of klowetes, it schal not be longe or I make yowe to honderstonde me hoderwyse as the lawe wol, thowe I schal spende as mekel there apone in a day as ye be worthe; also ye schal honderstond I hame enformed were Mykel Reyndeford and Karowe and I wethe oder waren enfened in a howese and land whethein Dover korte to the beofo of John Hobes and is fiderlaw, and nowre be yowe senester labor agenste al ryte and konsense ye kawese dayly grette trobel in the same, seyhenge that it schal nate be spared for no selver, I wolde ayyse yowe to sese bothe of yower labore and of yowere spendenge and also of yower onthreftey lanwage, and geffe ye so do ye schal fynde hese there in be the grase of God, ho amend yower desposysyon. Wreten at Stoke."

He thus wrote about a mast for one of his ships:—

"My welbelovend frendes,—I komhewende me to yowe, letenge yowe wete it hathe plesed the Kenges hynes to komhawnde me to make ij habel schepes fore the ware in al haste, and so I schal wethe Goddes mersy; were fore I honderstond ye have in yower towene a maste that wolde serve wel on of theme, fore the wesche I pray yowe komen wethe yower neybores my frendes, that I myte have the maste fore scheweche a pryse as I myte have kawese here afeter the rather to do fore yowe, and also in ispesyal the morre fore be kawese it sholde goo to the Kenges werke, and wethe Goddes grase to the helpe of the fense of yowe al, as Tomas Molense the brenger of thes schal henforme yowe, to wome I pray yowe geffe gredense in al that he schal say to yowe; and in yower so dohenge me a pleer at thes tyme I schal be as redy to do for yow ore any of yowe here afeter, be the grase of Gode, ho preserve yowe al. Wreten at Stoke."

In another letter, beginning like the former, he says he has an anchor "lying in your town, which may now do me good service to the furthering of the King's work," and requested it might be delivered to the bearer; but as he had been informed that "the good man where the anchor lieth should say that diverse persons have borrowed money and stuff thereupon," he says, "if they have so done, it was at their own peril, for it was never done by me nor by my bidding, nor never man had power of me so to do, wherefore I pray you, as ye would have my good will, see mine anchor be delivered, and if they will not so deliver it, I promise you by the faith of my body I shall spend 20*l.* thereupon more than the best anchor in all England is worth, by the grace of God, who keep you."

Sir John Howard's economy appears throughout his accounts, and we doubt if any broker ever had a keener eye for "the monies," than the Knight betrays in a letter to John Norris, written about the same time:—"I will ye see my mast at Deptford be well covered and kept, for there be two Span[ish] . . . in the Downs have lost their masts, wherefore I trow they will buy mine, and therefore I would my mast were the better kept and dressed against they come to see it." He then directs Norris to sell his hulk at Deptford, and the boat belonging to it, as well as the "Mekel of Bastabel."

A payment of 100*l.* to the King's tenants near Pomfret, "of my masterys good whan the field wasdonne," seems to refer to the battle of Towton-field. Entries like the following, which are in Sir John's own writing, would scarcely be expected to have been made by a man who, from filling so eminent a place in history, might be supposed to have had his mind occupied with other thoughts, did we not know that the great Lord Burleigh regularly recorded the growth of his nails, with other equally trifling matters.

"Thes wretenge wetenes that iij. yere of the Kengo

and iij. day of November, Nekol Ratekleffe and I bowte xxxij. hoxsen fore xvij. li. iij. s. vij. d., and ther of I payd ix. li. i. s. iij. d., and we moste pay fore the karyenge home besyde that, and we have sente theme to Framenghame Parke.

"And the same day that my lordes men rode home I borrowed of Belyngford, vj. s. vij. d.  
"And I lente to Felbreghe the same day, vj. s. vij. d.  
"And so he howethe me in al, xij. s. iij. d.  
"And I lente to yonge Paston same day, iij. s.  
"And J. Payne howethe me, as the treasurer knowethe wel, for a . . .

"To remember to haske the mony of Molense fore myn hoxsen, and for my saltesche, and fore my herenge."

But nothing was beneath his notice. Thus, when his steward mentions a warrant which had been issued by the Queen, for giving Sir John Howard seven yards of green velvet for a gown, and adds that his master had not yet received the velvet, Sir John wrote "I have it;" and so of seven Welsh cows given him by Lord Stafford, which he himself entered, he wrote, "I have them." In May, 1464, being ordered to attend the King in the north, he states that he rode on "Lyard Hewes;" and that he had lent one of his followers a pair of brigandines covered with black leather, and a standard of mail. Loans of armour to seventeen others, are entered with the minutest description of each piece, either by himself or his steward, together with the names of the horses on which they rode, which names were generally those of persons, and are preceded by a description of the animal, as "Lyard Duras," "Bayard Duras," "Grisel Courtenay." The attention paid by Howard to his fish ponds, or ponds, which were filled with breams, carps, tenches, tittle bremets, roaches, perch, small pekerelles, and pikes, also shows his love of petty details. These entries are in his own hand:—

"And the xij yere of the kenge, xx day of Desember, I brak my ponde, and I ad howete of it not passed xij karpes, and xij tenches, and vj pekes, and xx roches; and the nexte day after I pote in to the same ponde, besyd fry that I left in it, in grete tenches, iij. in grete bremes, ij. in grete roches xij."  
—"I breke the mote, and ad howete al the fesche, vij yere of the kenge, and in Howgoste."

One more specimen of the attention shown by the future Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England, to objects which his descendant's Groom of the Chambers would scorn to notice, must conclude the extracts illustrative of his character:—

"And the nexte day after Holy rode day Danyel kame to me; and he schal have be yere in mony x. li. and ij. gowenes and a howese fore is wyffe to dwel in at Stoke; and the same day he kame I toke heme in mony xij. d., wesche he paid fore hyrenge of a horse and a man.—And I made delyver heme a newe dobelete that stode me in, v. s.—And he had a noder new dobelete of Roberd Klerke, fore the wesche I moste pay oder v. s.—And he ad of me a new gowen, and I moste pay fore the makenge, xv. d.—And I have delyverd heme in the same monthe in mony, wane he yede to the schetenge, be the andes of Hastenges, xx. d.—And Roberd Clerke bowete at Londen fore hem schafes, the wesche koste me . . . . Also I have delyverd heme a peyer of botes that koste me, iij. s.—And an holde peyer of spores that koste me, vj. d.—And I toke heme a standard bowe that Melson gaf me; it is worthe in mony, vj. s. vij. d.—And I most geffe to Melson ther fore as good a bowe as he kane schese in a boweres schope.—And Danyel hade of me as many strenges as koste, vj. d.—And a schetenge glove koste iij. d.—And the Sunday nexte after Holy rode day I toke Wady fore wages, v. s.—And wel I was a hontenge I gaf heme a peyer of botewes."

The editor presumes that the following letter alludes to the King's intended marriage with the beautiful Elizabeth Wydeville, and, if so, it is a remarkable proof of the pains that were taken to ascertain the feelings of the people on the subject; but the cancelled passage [within brackets] in which the Queen is mentioned, renders his conjecture doubtful:—

"My lord; after the moste lowly rekommendasyon, I besethe it yower good lordeschepe to wete I have resseyved yower leter that ye sente me late werby I honderstond that schwche thenge as ye and I desser moste is in good wey and howete of dowete, werfor I thank god and hever schal wel I leve; also [I honderstonde be yower lordeschepe that the qwen wol have my wyffe,] my lord I be sche yowe to have me and my wyffe stel in yower remembrance, as I honderstond wel that ye have ad be yower wryteng, wer of I thanke yower good lordeschepe, be schenge yowe of kontenewase; also my lord I have bene in dyverse plases weithen Norfolk Soffolke and Hese, and have ad komenyasyon of thes marygge to fel howe the pepel of the konteries wer desposed, and in good feythe they ar desposed in the beste wysse and glade ther of; also I have ben wethe many dyverse astates to fel theyer hertes, and I fowende theme al ryle wel desposed, safe on, the wesche I schal henforme yower good lordesche at my nexte komhenge to yowe, be the grase of god, ho have yowe my ryle spesyal god lord in is blessed safeguard. At Wensche xxij. day of Se."

Some of these miscellaneous entries are curious:—

"For my mastyr losses at shotyng, vj. d.—Delyverd to Jemeys man of Colchestyr, for drawing on of my mastrys botys at Stoke, iij. d.—My master payd at the Belle in Fyshe Stret for his dyner, ijs.—The sayd day at nyght for his stew [qy. bath], and odre costys at the Angyll in Temse stret,—to Walkyn the Kyngys horseleche, for dytynge of my mastrys horses, ijs. iij. d.—For shavyng off my mastyr, ijd.—For a potell of yporasce, xxd.—In flytys for my mastyr, vij. d.—For washyng off a shyrt, jd.—To my mastyr that he lost at pykyng to my Lord Stafford, iij. d.—For xij li. gonnepowdyr, xij. s.—My Lady Marget the Kynges syster owyth my mystyre, vij yerdys of wygth sarsenet for ij shertes.—My mastyre lent to my said Lord of Norfolk whan he lay at the stewe, xx. s.—To the taylor for makenge, lynyng, and scoryng of my mastrys blake gown, ijs. ix. d.—Payd makeyng of ij lettrys, iij. d.—For ij payre patynys, vj. d.—A payre patynys for my mastyr, ijd.—For a quarre of muskadelle, iij. d.—For a pyke to the Chamberlain off London, xij. d.—Payd that my mastyr lost at tenyse to Syre Robert Chamberley, ijs. iij. d.—For a tylt bote to London, iij. d.—On Seynt Georgys evyn my mastyr gaf to vj. menstrals off my Lord of Warwykes, vj. s. vij. d.—On Seynt Markys day my mastyr payd to Robert Vyrmay that he leyd down, iij. d.—My mastyr payd to John Gylde for ij. bokys, a Frensche boke, and a Yenglysche boke calyd Dives et Pauper, xij. s. iij. d. (which the editor says was written by Henry Parker, a Carmelite of Worcester, and printed by Pynson in 1493, and reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496.) In all spent a shotyng, iij. d.—In mony lost at Prykys the same day, vj. d.—Payd to John Gonner for iij. dayis werkes, he and hys man, in stokkyng of gonnys, ijs. iij. d.—Gaffe to ij men that go forth a genste the Torke, vij. d.—To the berward that kepeth my ber, xld.—For ij pypes wyn, vj. li.—For a tonne of Gascoyne wyne, a pype of claret, and a pype of red wyn, v. marcs, or 3l. 6s. 8d.—My mastyr delyvered to Capelle that dwellethe wyth Symson, draper of London, to delyver to John Hamond, of Neylond, for a token for the same Symson, a crosse of goulde sett wyth iij. stones.—In September 1465, my mastyr rode to the Kenge, and he taryede wyth hym vj. dayis, and he spent wyll he was owte xxxij. s.—The Sondaye next after the xij. daye I gafe to the pleyeres of Stoke, ijs. I gafe to the botelers the same day, for xvj. pomgarrettes, ijs. vj. d.—For a tonne to cary nyne federbeddes, xxij. d.—My mastyr gaf to a man of the Frensche Kynges that brouth hym a saff condyte, xxxij. s. iij. d.—For vij payr of fyn gloves, ijs. iij. d.—A wageour my mastyr gaf to Syr Henry Wafferen's wyffe to kepe in the monythe of September, xs."

"At the laste komhenge from London, I toke of John Klerke's man, the potekary, a lytel brel of water fore the sekeneas, and a lyte boxe of preseratyffe, and a pote of tryakel, and not payd.—My master gaf to the Kynges secretary, ijs. iij. d.—To the pykmongre, for a pyk that went to Bulstrodis, ijs. For ij pykes to his weddyng, vij. s.—For a gurnard, iij. d.—For an estriche fedore and for the garneshyng of the same, vs.—The Kyng howeth me fore

the plate that the Qwene was serv wethe at the daye of here koronasyon, xx. li.—And the Kinge howeth me for the lystes and the tel in Smethefeil, xlii."

Several entries occur in September 1465 respecting the illness of "my lady": for example, to "Thurston for his costes to London for to fethe feyscyance" (physicians), whose names were Master Roger, and John Clerke, (an apothecary), the former of whom received four marks, or 2l. 13s. 4d., and the latter forty shillings, for their fees; to persons for "lokenge to my lady," for medicines bought for her in London and at Colchester, for sugarcandy, water of honeysuckles, and wine; a donation from her to the friars of Colchester, and 10s. to them in November, for singing a trental for her, together with 5s. 8d. for "waxe and therefor for a hay (sic) ageyns my ladyis terment." Mourning was provided on that occasion for Sir John Howard, his children and household, to the number of nearly 150 persons, including priests, domestic servants, smiths, ploughmen, and carpenters. Mr. Turner says that the deceased Lady was Sir John's first wife Katherine Lady Howard, but we apprehend he is mistaken. Lady Howard is said in the inscription on her tomb, as given in Weever's Funeral Monuments, to have died in 1452; and the lady to whom these items refer was clearly Katherine, widow of John Mowbray, second Duke of Norfolk, and daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. She had three other husbands, and appears to have died in that year.—(Vide Esch. 6 Edw. IV. No. 49.)

Few political or historical facts are established, or even directly illustrated by these Accounts. "Purity of election" seems to have been as little practised by our ancestors as by their descendants; and it was fortunate for Sir John Howard that there was no "Treating Act," when he and Sir Thomas Brewse stood for Suffolk in 1467—the "independent electors" of which county consumed at Ipswich 8 oxen, 24 calves, 24 sheep, 20 lambs, 30 pigs, 12 pheasants, 108 capons, 240 chickens, 120 rabbits, 800 eggs, 140 pairs of pigeons, 32 gallons of milk, divers hogsheds of wine, 20 of double and 16 of single beer, the cost of which was 40l. 17s. 6d. with the necessary quantities of condiment.

As articles of various kinds were of course bought for the use of Sir John Howard's family, his children and sons-in-law are frequently mentioned, and some of the expenses of his second marriage are entered. These accounts bring to light one of his sons, Nicholas Howard, who does not occur in any pedigree of the family. In September 1468, bows and other things were provided for him, "to go to the sea with the army that shall goe with my Lord Scales," and he probably died unmarried soon after.

Numerous taverns in London are mentioned, and we have been induced to throw together all their names and situations: the Mermaid in Friday Street, (Ben Jonson's House, and which was, probably, the inn in Friday Street, out of which Chaucer says he saw a new sign hanging with the arms of Sir Robert Grosvenor), the Cardinal's Hat, the Angel in Thames Street, the Bell in Bread Street, the Bear in Southwark, the King's Head in Old Fish Street, the King's Head in Southwark, the Key in Southwark, the Sun in King's Street, Westminster, the Tabor in Gracechurch Street, the Tabard, the Ryalie, the Crown without Aldgate, the Paul's Head in Crooked Lane, the Pope's Head in Lombard Street, the St. John's Head Ludgate, the Garland in East Cheap, the Greyhound, the Crown in King's Street, Westminster, and the White Horse.

In our first notice of this work we did its editor the injustice of misnaming him, by calling

him Mr. John Turner, instead of Mr. Thomas Hudson Turner, to whom, in his own proper name, we now repeat our thanks for the manner in which he has performed his task. It is only to be regretted that he had not rendered his labours more useful by giving, what to a book of this kind is really indispensable, a good INDEX.

*Report from the Select Committee on Fine Arts, together with the Minutes of Evidence, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.*

ONE of the last acts of the last Parliament was the appointment of a Committee "to take into consideration the Promotion of the Fine Arts in this Country, in Connexion with the Rebuilding of the New Houses of Parliament." The dissolution brought the inquiry prematurely to a close, "without the examination of many witnesses of high reputation and authority." Still sufficient evidence had been elicited to justify the Committee in adopting and recommending that measures should be taken, without delay, to encourage the Fine Arts, by employing them in the decoration in the New Houses of Parliament. "Your Committee," the Report goes on to say, "in the present state of the inquiry, are not prepared to suggest the details of a plan; but they think that a commission might most usefully be appointed to assist, both with information and advice, some department of the government, which, after mature consideration, should be solely responsible for the execution of the plan best calculated to realize the objects of your Committee."

The first person called was Mr. Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament. We have extracted the pith and main matter of his evidence.

"Are you of opinion that painting and sculpture could be employed to advantage in the new Houses of Parliament?—They could be employed with great effect in the interior of the building.

"In what parts of the building would you recommend painting and sculpture to be employed?—The parts of the building best adapted to that object would be St. Stephen's Hall, the Royal Gallery, the Houses and their lobbies, &c. the public corridors towards the river front, and Westminster Hall; in all which places the light will be from above, and, consequently, most favourable to the exhibition of painting or sculpture.

"Do you propose to increase the quantity of light to be let in through the roof of Westminster Hall?—Yes, I do.

"Will you inform the Committee, with as much accuracy as may be in your power, the superficies of the different portions of the building which could be appropriated to painting, and the number of positions or places in which sculpture could be placed?—In Westminster Hall 6,160 feet, in St. Stephen's Hall 3,000 feet, in the Royal Gallery 2,140 feet, in the Queen's Robing-room 1,168 feet, in the lower corridors towards the river 5,072 feet, in the House of Lords 1,800 feet, in the House of Commons 1,260 feet, in the corridors from the central saloon 1,325 feet, in the Conference Hall 1,340 feet, in the lobbies of the House of Lords 1,036 feet, in the lobby of the House of Commons 1,260 feet, in the Committee-rooms 25,360 feet, in the upper corridors towards the river 5,072 feet; besides numerous other less important portions of the building.

"Do you not consider that some mode of colouring and of painting is essential to all styles of architecture?—I am of that opinion decidedly.

"Whether it is classic, or any other different mode of modern art?—Yes.

"Are you aware of any fresco painting employed in Northern or Central Europe to decorate the interior of any buildings?—I am aware that fresco painting has been employed to a considerable extent at Munich; and I am also aware of an attempt at fresco painting in this country, though not a very successful one. I refer to the Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields; some years ago the wall at the back

of the altar was painted in fresco by an Italian of the name of Aglio, and for some reason with which I am unacquainted, the fresco has suffered very materially, so much so as in many parts to be entirely defaced. The same person was employed subsequently at Manchester to paint the Town Hall.

"Is there not an intention of painting some part of the Reform Club in fresco?—It has been suggested, but no steps are yet taken for the purpose.

"You approve of that, do you?—Decidedly.

"If we look at Westminster Hall as a monument of the times in which it was built, does it not strike you that there would be some incongruity in introducing painting in a mode which was not known at that period?—I conceive not, inasmuch as the prepared paintings would have a similar effect to the tapestry which was employed at that period to a great extent; for the probability is, that if in those times it were desired to produce an effect upon any great occasion in the Hall, the walls would have been lined entirely with tapestry.

"Do you think that the event of Wat Tyler's rebellion would be a good subject?—Any leading event in English history would be a good subject.

"You are acquainted with some attempts that have been made in this country on a large scale to ornament buildings with painting; there is the dome of St. Paul's, and there is also Greenwich Hospital; do you consider those attempts successful?—To a certain extent I do; but I do not consider that those examples are eminently beautiful, although they certainly give an improved effect to both those buildings.

"Do you think the effect of St. Paul's is improved by the painting in the interior?—Yes.

"What would you say to colouring statues?—I should be rather averse to colouring them; my present feeling is, that I should be satisfied with the natural colour of those stones.

"Are you not aware, that in the old application of sculpture to Gothic architecture, and in the late application of Mr. Pugin which I have spoken of, that the coloured statues are introduced with good effect—coloured wooden statues I think?—I am not quite sure that I altogether approve of the effect of sculpture, so coloured."

Fresco painting has been revived, of late years, at Munich, under the munificent patronage of the King of Bavaria. Mr. Eastlake, one of the best informed of our painters, was examined on several points of interest.

"Can you suggest to the Committee any scheme or plan by which the arts of this country can be promoted, in connexion with the building of the new Houses?—I should be in doubt whether fresco or oil would be fittest for such a purpose, and much would depend on the extent of surface that could be allotted.

"If it was a large space?—I think fresco is generally fittest for a large surface. If the architectural arrangements are such as to require separate divisions, then detached oil pictures might be preferable. The great objection to a cycle of fresco subjects would be, that although many hands would be required, it must be under the direction of a single head.

"Would it be at all advisable to give artists an opportunity of making some experimental efforts previously?—That would be the safest plan; I was going to say, that I happen to remember the beginning of the great talent in fresco which now exists in Germany. I was in Rome when the first efforts were made, which were successful at once. I should conclude from that, that the technical process of fresco painting is not in itself difficult, provided the artists are previously grounded in the general principles of their art; on the other hand, a knowledge of the process of fresco is by no means necessarily accompanied with general skill in the art.

"Were artists employed at once by the King of Bavaria who had not hitherto painted in fresco, or were any efforts made to establish a school, and to give them an opportunity of gaining experience in any way previously to their employment by the government?—I believe what first induced the King of Bavaria to have paintings in fresco on a large scale done, was seeing what had been done at Rome, and that originated from the Chevalier Bartholdy employing a certain number of German artists, the best

that were then in Rome, to paint a private room of his own.

"Do you recollect who were the artists that were so employed?—Yes; Cornelius, Veit, Schadow, and Overbeck.

"Admitting that fresco painting has a certain freshness, and can be executed much more rapidly than oil painting, are there not some disadvantages; for instance, that it remains immovable in the event of unavoidable repairs; that it is subject to injury from the climate, particularly of England?—Yes, I should have thought that the climate was one of the most doubtful points with regard to fresco; but I consider that quite answered by the experiment that has been made at Munich, where the climate is much severer than our own. The objection of the impossibility of removal is a very great one in case of fire, or such accident. There were some of Titian's finest oil pictures destroyed in Venice on the occasion of a fire at the ducal palace; and on that occasion it happened that a fresco painting was preserved, but that was quite an accident; there is one recommendation of the mere material of fresco; it does not shine as oil pictures do, and the subject may be seen in a greater number of lights.

"Taking into consideration the different casualties to which collections are subject, is not the safest, after all, the wall?—I should say that damp very often affects fresco, and in the course of time, from the settlement of buildings, they are apt to crack. One of the frescos by Raphael in the Vatican is fastened with a great number of nails; they have been counted, but I am afraid to say how many; some hundreds of nails are on the surface of one painting by Raphael, and they are all as liable to the same accident."

To Mr. Eastlake's evidence a 'Paper' is added of detached thoughts on the subject, which we have printed entire, p. 764.

The next evidence of importance is that of Sir Martin Archer Shee, who speaks from experience and long thinking of the evil and the good which result from competition:—

"My general impression with respect to the promotion of the fine arts was, that competition was the best means of forwarding their improvement; but experience has proved, that the means of obtaining a competent tribunal to decide upon the merits of the competitors are not easily to be found in this country; so many difficulties stand in the way, so many obstructions, so many interests to be considered, and so many persons are to be consulted, that I think it is hardly possible to obtain a competent tribunal under any circumstances.

"If the selection of artists were accomplished by means of competition, would there not be some danger also that artists of established reputation might decline to enter into competition?—It is that view that induces me to believe that competition will not succeed in this country, because artists of established reputation will not risk that reputation by coming before a tribunal which they do not think competent to decide upon their merits, and which may very materially injure the reputation which they have obtained, by selecting persons of inferior capacity and incompetent to the object required."

But if competition, with a competent tribunal, which Sir Archer Shee subsequently admits may be established, were generally had recourse to, must not these artists of established reputation either become competitors or sink into obscurity?

"Does it not come within your knowledge that artists of established reputation have declined to enter into competition for public works?—Certainly.

"Might there not be two classes of artists; for instance, one of known and established reputation who might be employed upon particular portions of the building and left entirely to the efforts of their own minds and genius, and another class of artists of less known and less established reputation who should be selected for employment in this building through the medium of competition?—Most certainly; I see no objection whatever to such a plan.

"Would not such a plan insure this advantage, that you would obtain the assistance of the most distinguished artists, and at the same time open the field of employment to all artists of competent ability?"



In the medical portion of Dr. Balling's book we find little for critical remark. Among the novelties of Kissengen practice, we would direct the attention of the British practitioner to the use of the carbonic acid bath, as a remedy capable of domestic application. The gas, which is yielded in great quantities by the Soolensprudel, is collected and applied in the form of a *douche* locally or universally, care being taken to prevent its access to the lungs. There is in the statement of Dr. Balling much matter for reflection, as regards alike the curative, and the morbid action, of what is evidently a powerful agent. Statements of the benefits derived from local applications of the gas are sufficiently numerous on the spot to warrant a further examination of the subject at home, where many manufacturing processes would supply the material in abundance for the experiment.

It is proper to add, that the present publication affords professedly but an outline view, the author having already published a larger work on the subject. This lighter work, however, which has been translated for the especial benefit of the English invalid, may be regarded as a fair exponent of the more scientific publication.

We may take this opportunity for expressing our own conviction in favour of the Kissengen waters, as especially applicable to that truly English malady, dyspepsia, so frequently brought on by over-exertion of the head, in literary, official, and business labour; and the circumstances of the locality, its tranquil rural scenery, its rational habits, its exemption from the dissipation of life, the general quiet and unpretending manners of its visitors, are so many fortunate accidents that powerfully assist in changing the

rhythm, so to speak, of our over-wrought existence at home, and preparing the body for a cure.

Arrangements have been made to supply this country with the Kissengen waters at a moderate expense; and during warm summer weather, they may be recommended to those dyspeptics who are prevented by circumstances from trying their efficacy on the spot. On the subject of bathing, it is right to know, that Kissengen affords no thermal spring; the baths, therefore, are artificially heated; and as, in this process, the carbonic acid must be very much dissipated, and the iron consequently precipitated, we are not disposed to attribute much efficacy to that portion of the cure, notwithstanding its being so strongly insisted upon by the local physicians. That the absorption of small portions of muriate of soda can add materially to the efficacy of the larger quantities taken in by the mouth, is highly improbable. We cannot, therefore, rate the value of the Kissengen bath much above that of ordinary warm baths, having no specific pretensions.

*Efe's Dammim*, by J. B. Levinsohn.—This is a translation from the Hebrew of a tract written to disprove the malicious charge that the Jews at their Passover make use of Christian blood. It is in the form of dialogues between a Jewish Rabbi and a Patriarch of the Greek Church at Jerusalem; and though the frightful prejudice to which it relates has not for centuries prevailed in Britain, it is well calculated to remove much of the jealousy with which the Jews are viewed even by those who are otherwise liberal and enlightened. Dr. Loewe, the translator, may well feel a justifiable pride in presenting to the English public a work so creditable to his nation. It is written in a noble spirit of philanthropy and for-

bearance, and is well calculated to win over friends to the exiled house of Judah.

*Notes on Genesis*, by a Professor at the Bristol College.—It would be well for Professors, before commenting on the Bible, to take the trouble of reading it. We have a long note on the Temptation of Eve, founded on the equivocal signification of the word *Saraph*, which, it is truly observed, may be translated either "angel" or "serpent," whence it is inferred that an angel may have been the tempter of Eve. It so happens that the original word is not *Saraph*, but *Nachash*, and so the whole dissertation falls to the ground.

*List of New Books*.—Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 4to. 2s. 2s. cl.—Reeve's Conchologia Systematica, or Complete System of Conchology, Part I. 12s. plain, 21s. coloured.—A Companion for the Sundays of the Church, by J. A. Thornthwaite, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Burnett's History of the Reformation, 2 vols. super royal 8vo. 32s. cl.; with Portraits, 2s. 18s.—The Canadas in 1841, by Lieut.-Col. Sir Richard Bonycastle, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31s. cl.—Muller's Picturesque Sketches of the Age of Francis the First, imp. folio, tinted, 4s. 4s. cl.—Italy and its Comforts, fc. 7s. 6d. cl.—Brownlow on Cubic Equations, 4s. 6d. cl.—Charles' Cones and Spherical Conics, by the Rev. C. Graves, 8vo. 6s. cl.—School History of England, abridged from Family History of England, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Little Bracken Burners, by Lady Calcott, royal 18mo. 3s. cl.—Hobbes' English Works, edited by Sir William Molesworth, Bart. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Descent on the Penny Postage, 2nd edit. 1s. 6d.—London and Brighton Railway Guide, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Forbes's East India and Colonial Guide, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Faith and Practice of a Church of England Man, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Lady of the Manor, Vol. IV. 12mo. cl. 5s.—The English Maiden, her Moral and Domestic Duties, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Stanley Thorn, by Henry Cockton, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, and other Poems, 21st edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Vincent's Moral System, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Bishop Williams's Church Catechism, by T. H. Horne, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Old English Gentleman, or the Field and the Woods, by John Mills, Esq. 31s. 6d. bds.—The Rev. T. K. Arnold's Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, 4th edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Turner's Elements of Chemistry, 7th edit. with 1st supplement on Oily Acids, 8vo. 25s. cl.—Grant's Outlines of Comparative Anatomy, 8vo. 21s. cl.—Englishman's Library, Vol. 18, (Pagel's Tables, 3rd series), fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for SEPTEMBER, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,  
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1841.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 5 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Thermometer.	External Thermometers.				Rain in inches. If at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering					
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest				
SEPT.																
○ W 1	30.068	30.060	64.4	30.038	30.030	66.6	59	07.1	59.7	66.3	52.7	72.8		NW	A.M. Fine—light haze. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Fine & moonlight.	
T 2	29.896	29.888	63.7	29.816	29.808	65.4	57	06.5	60.2	65.5	51.3	67.7		E	Fine—light clouds throughout the day. Ev. Fine and moonlight.	
F 3	29.744	29.736	65.7	29.666	29.658	67.2	58	06.8	65.3	66.5	54.7	69.8		SSE	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—heavy shower. Evening, heavy rain, with thunder and lightning.	
S 4	29.546	29.540	63.0	29.732	29.724	61.3	57	06.3	54.7	50.3	52.7	73.4	.536	W var.	A.M. Lightly overcast—high wind with light rain. P.M. Continued rain. Evening, Fine and moonlight.	
○ 5	29.874	29.866	58.6	29.818	29.810	58.6	54	05.8	53.2	52.0	47.2	57.6	.402	S	A.M. Light haze and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast—light rain. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
M 6	29.762	29.754	56.7	29.744	29.736	57.3	49	04.7	52.5	57.6	42.8	56.3	.019	S	A.M. Cloudy—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Ev. A.M. Cloudy—light breeze—fog early. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Cloudy.	
T 7	29.800	29.794	58.4	29.626	29.618	56.6	50	06.1	55.7	56.6	45.8	58.7		S	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Evening, Fine and moonlight.	
W 8	29.800	29.794	64.2	29.900	29.894	60.4	54	05.5	60.7	66.2	52.6	62.0	.183	W	Cloudy—lt. wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
T 9	30.076	30.068	59.0	30.064	30.056	61.7	55	04.5	59.3	65.7	56.2	68.3		E	A.M. Lightly cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Fine and cloudless.	
F 10	30.066	30.058	62.2	30.058	30.050	64.2	59	04.9	63.8	68.2	59.2	67.4		WSW	Evening, Fine and starlight.	
S 11	30.122	30.114	62.2	30.080	30.072	64.6	60	05.0	59.8	72.8	57.2	69.4		W	A.M. Fine—light clouds—fog early. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
○ 12	30.012	30.004	68.6	29.910	29.904	69.8	64	06.8	68.4	76.6	60.6	74.7		E	Fine & cloudless—lt. breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
M 13	29.932	29.924	68.7	29.910	29.902	69.3	64	06.0	68.3	73.7	61.0	78.5		E	Doitto doitto.	
T 14	29.892	29.884	70.4	29.850	29.844	70.3	65	05.5	66.8	72.7	62.0	75.3		ENE	Fine—light clouds & breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
W 15	29.966	29.958	69.8	29.940	29.932	69.4	65	06.3	67.7	68.8	62.6	71.4		S	Fine—lt. clouds & breeze throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—lt. shower.	
T 16	29.910	29.902	69.5	29.890	29.882	68.6	62	05.6	65.2	67.0	60.4	73.0	.063	S	A.M. Cloudy—stiff breeze—light shower. P.M. Fine—light clouds & breeze. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
F 17	30.036	30.028	66.9	30.004	29.996	65.3	57	05.8	58.3	64.8	50.6	69.6		W	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight—light fog.	
S 18	29.961	29.956	61.3	29.942	29.936	62.3	56	05.9	54.7	64.7	49.8	67.7		S	A.M. Lt. haze—lt. fog early. P.M. Thick haze. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
○ 19	30.070	30.062	62.8	30.066	30.058	62.7	54	06.0	60.5	66.8	50.7	66.2		ENE	Fine—nearly cloudless, with lt. breeze throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy.	
M 20	30.184	30.176	63.0	30.152	30.144	65.6	61	04.1	62.5	66.5	60.0	68.7		E	A.M. Lightly overcast—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Overcast.	
T 21	30.018	30.010	63.7	29.920	29.914	66.0	61	02.1	60.3	64.7	59.7	70.0		ENE	A.M. Overcast—stiff breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds—stiff breeze. Evening, Overcast.	
W 22	29.692	29.684	63.0	29.700	29.694	65.3	61	02.0	59.4	64.3	58.2	67.2	.087	SE	A.M. Cloudy—lt. brisk wind. P.M. Fine—lt. cld. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
T 23	29.688	29.682	62.3	29.648	29.642	63.2	59	02.4	55.7	60.5	55.4	66.4	.602	S	A.M. Overcast—light steady rain—thunder early. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Overcast.	
F 24	29.578	29.572	61.6	29.568	29.562	62.4	53	05.1	58.3	60.3	56.0	62.2	.366	SSE	A.M. Lightly overcast—rain during the night. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain.	
S 25	29.468	29.462	61.0	29.514	29.506	62.4	57	05.1	57.5	61.3	53.6	63.3	.158	S	A.M. Cloudy—lt. showers & wind. P.M. Showery. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
○ 26	29.504	29.498	62.0	29.484	29.476	61.6	56	05.2	58.2	60.2	53.7	63.6	.080	SE	A.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze, with showers. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Overcast—lt. rain.	
M 27	29.548	29.540	59.9	29.614	29.608	61.3	57	04.6	56.8	63.7	54.0	62.4	.327	W	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—light rain—high wind throughout the day—very high wind throughout the night. Ev. Cloudy—light wind.	
T 28	29.404	29.398	60.4	29.348	29.342	61.4	58	04.2	58.2	63.3	56.5	64.7	.438	S	A.M. Cloudy—very h. wind, with showers, also very high throughout the night. P.M. Fine—lt. cld.—h. wind. Ev. Cloudy—brisk wind.	
W 29	29.252	29.248	63.4	29.362	29.354	62.8	59	06.1	61.2	62.8	58.0	66.8	.088	S	A.M. Overcast—light steady rain—high wind. P.M. Dark haze & clouds—high wind. Evening, Cloudy.	
○ T 30	29.248	29.242	61.5	29.264	29.258	62.8	58	04.0	58.7	62.3	56.0	64.4	.366	S var.		
MEAN.	29.804	29.797	63.3	29.788	29.780	63.5	58	05.2	60.1	64.4	51.7	67.3	3.715			9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.716 .. 29.699 C. 29.708 .. 29.690

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. T. Hood has succeeded Mr. T. Hook as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and Mr. Colburn is, we see, rejoicing at the singular good fortune which has always attended this, his favourite child; nursed from its birth, we are told, by the first poet of the age, Mr. Campbell; dry nursed, if that be the phrase, by the first novelist, Mr. Bulwer; and "brought out" by the first wit—no, not exactly the first, says the scrupulous little puritan paragraph, for in that sphere there were two sons—T. Hook and T. Hood. Here, however, is only an additional cause for exultation and triumph, for the Magazine was long under the guiding protection of the one, and is now laughing under the sunny influences of the other. However, in our own plain prose, we will admit that we know not where the worthy bibliophile could have found a more fitting successor. We have just got a glimpse of the first fruits offering of the new editor, and already find traces of his pleasant pen in more places than the table of contents would indicate.

The great German painter, Cornelius, has arrived in London; and we hope advantage will be taken of his short stay in this country, to do honour to his talent, and to render his knowledge and skill in fresco painting available, with reference to the intended decorations of the new Houses of Parliament. English artists have everything to learn in the way of applying their art to the purposes of ornament in conjunction with architecture, and such an opportunity as is now afforded to them of profiting by the practical experience of this eminent man, should not be neglected. The Royal Academy would most properly take the lead in whatever may be determined upon, but the artists need not wait for the Academy.

It appears by the following letter from Mr. Devon, to whose researches our readers have so often been indebted for curious and valuable information, that some ancient paintings have lately been discovered at the Chapter-house.—"On taking down some boards in this office, I have found some ancient paintings on the walls, the most prominent of which are, the vision of St. John of the seven candlesticks, described in the 1st chapter of the Revelations, from the 13th to the 16th verses; also his being put in a cauldron of boiling oil, by order of the Emperor Domitian, who appears to be present, dressed in ermine, attended by executioners blowing the fire, lading the oil, &c. Another drawing appears to represent St. John landing from a vessel, probably at the island of Patmos, whither he had been banished by the same Emperor, and where he wrote the Book of Revelations. There are other figures of horses, dogs, stags, birds, trees, &c., accompanied with inscriptions, some of which I think may be easily made out; but I leave all further description or history to those who are more competent, and more acquainted with the subject, I merely draw attention to the interesting fact.

"Yours, &c. FREDERICK DEVON.

"Chapter-house Record-office, Poet's-corner."

From a Milanese paper, *La Fama*, we learn that our countrywoman, Miss Austin, who appeared at Covent Garden in the winter of 1839 in the characters of *Mandane* and *Polly*, and has since been studying in Italy, has made a very successful debut at La Scala, and was called forward more than once to receive the applause of the audience. The journalist justifies by his commendation, the favourable opinion expressed by the public.

In consequence of the sudden death of M. Laporte, (from apoplexy,) the management of Her Majesty's Theatre must devolve on other, and we hope abler, hands. As the benefit that may accrue to the Italian Opera, and the improvement of our musical prospects for next season, will depend upon the character and qualifications of the new *entrepreneur*, we shall be anxious to know who is to succeed the late manager.

Letters from Vienna mention the death of the Chevalier de Seyfried, one of Germany's most celebrated writers on the theory of music, and a composer of some eminence. The story of his death includes some curious incidents. Seized on the Thursday evening with the malady of whose fatal mission he had a strong presentiment, he deliberately drew up an announcement for the Vienna

papers, stating that he had died on the Friday, (as, in fact he did,) and leaving a blank for the hour of his decease. The same evening, he summoned to his bedside two of his friends, Herr Littermayer, director of the Imperial Singing School, and Herr Harleyn, a musical publisher, and delivered to them a sealed packet, with an injunction that the seal should not be broken until he had ceased to breathe. The packet, on being opened, was found to contain the score, in manuscript, of a *requiem* composed by himself, with a note stating that the work had been finished in July 1835, and was intended for performance at the author's funeral.

The annual festival of the Society of the Friends of Music, in the Austrian States, is appointed to be held at Vienna, this year, on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of November. The number of performers will be, as usual, between 1,000 and 1,100, and the programme which is already arranged, includes Mozart's grand Symphony in D major; Beethoven's in C minor; and Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. The choruses are chosen from the works of Haydn, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Jomelli, Cherubini, Rossini, Lesueur, Mehul, Auber and Halévy. The Vienna papers mention, too, among their dramatic intelligence, a scenic novelty which has been introduced at the An-der-wien Theatre, in the performance of Schiller's *Joan of Arc*. The decorations of the stage were composed of natural objects—that is to say, a garden, wood, or other landscape was represented by real trees, flowers, fruit and fountains. The innovation, which seems scarcely susceptible of extensive application, is represented, as having been greatly successful.

The following is an extract from a letter forwarded to Prof. Silliman, giving some interesting particulars of a visit, in October last, to the great volcano at Hawaii, and an account of a late eruption.

It is an immense pit one thousand feet deep and six miles in circuit, with perpendicular walls, except at one point, where it is reached by a steep descent, and the whole of this vast cauldron, full of boiling, bubbling, and spouting lava. The surface at one moment black as ink, and the next exhibiting rivers and pools and jets of a hideous blood-red fluid, that was sometimes thrown up to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and fell back with a sullen plashing that was indescribably awful. The aspect of the whole was hellish—no other term can express it. By night it was grand beyond description. The frequent lightings up, the hissings and deep muttering explosions, reminded me of some great city in flames, where there were magazines of gunpowder or mines continually exploding. Vesuvius is a fool to it. Just previous to my visit, the lava had burst out at a new place, about six miles north-east of the crater, and flowed down to the sea in a stream of forty miles in length, by from one to seven in breadth. I saw the light one hundred miles off. It reached the sea in five days, threw up three hills of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and fifty feet high, gained two thousand feet out seaward from old line of coast, by three-fourths of a mile in width, and heated the water for fifteen miles either side, to such an extent, that the fishes were heaped up in myriads on the shore, scalded to death. Its falling into the sea was accompanied with tremendous hissings, and detonations like constant discharges of heavy artillery, distinctly heard at Hilo, twenty minutes distant.

Yours, &c. D. H. STORER.

The *Sémaphore de Marseilles* publishes accounts, from Tunis, of the ceremony of inauguration, on the African coast, of the monumental chapel which we mentioned some time since as about to be erected by the King of the French in memory of his predecessor, of pious memory, Saint-Louis, on the spot where that royal and unfortunate crusader perished. The chapel, which stands upon an eminence, now called the *Mont Louis-Philippe*, overlooking the lonely shore along which lie the ruins of Carthage, is in the Gothic style; enclosing a marble statue of the royal martyr. The latter is the workmanship of M. Serre, the sculptor of the *Napoléon* of the Place Vendôme; and the chapel, which is spoken of as a little architectural *bijou*, is by M. Jourdain, architect to the King.

## THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO NEW PICTURES now exhibiting, represent the Interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A., in 1839, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Henoux. Open from Ten till Five.

TITIAN'S VENUS.—This celebrated picture, the chef-d'œuvre of Titian, is NOW ON VIEW, at the St. James's Gallery, 58, Pall Mall, opposite to the entrance to Marlborough House. Admission, 1s.—Also, a Collection of first class PAINTINGS, under peculiar circumstances to be sold VERY CHEAP. Admission, 1s.

## ON FRESCO PAINTING.

By C. EASTLAKE, R.A.

THE present German School of Fresco Painters has been formed within the last twenty-five years. Its first essays, to which I have alluded, were in a great measure the result of a general spirit of imitation which willingly adopted all that was associated with the habits of the latter middle ages. It may be as well to review the origin and progress of this state of feeling in the present century. The historians of modern German art have indeed traced its rise to earlier influences, but all agree that the circumstances to which we are about to refer greatly promoted the introduction of a new taste in Painting.

The efforts to create a new style of art, in Germany, in the beginning of the present century, were intimately connected with the struggle for political independence. The cathedrals and churches on the Rhine had been more or less desecrated and plundered, and the pictures by the early German masters dispersed and sold. The gradual recovery of these ended in the formation of collections of such works; this led to a higher appreciation of their merits, indulgently seen as they were by patriots anxious to restore and maintain all that especially characterized the German nation. With men thus inspired, the connexion of such feelings with the religion of their forefathers was obvious. German artists and writers again, who visited Italy, dwelt on the relation that had subsisted between Germany and Italy before and since the revival of letters, not only in politics but in the arts. The Tower at Pisa, the church of St. Francis at Assisi, and other buildings, had been erected by Germans, and it was remembered with pride, that the new life of Italy had been kindled chiefly by the genius of the northern nations. The spirit of the Middle Ages was thus in a manner revived, and the Germans looked with complacency on that period when the Teutonic nations, unassisted (as they assume) by classic examples, produced a characteristic style of architecture, and developed their native feeling in the arts of design and in poetry. In those ages, Architecture, the most necessary of the arts, and therefore the first in date, had time to develop itself fully, especially in the north; but before Painting could unfold itself in an equal degree, the thirst for the revival of classic learning and the imitation of classic models prevented the free formation of a Christian and national style. The early specimens of art which were most free from this classic influence were thus regarded with higher veneration, and the Germans of the 19th century boldly proposed to throw aside all classic prejudices, however imposing, and follow up the imperfect beginnings of the latter middle ages in a kindred spirit. This general aim connected the early efforts of Italian art still more with those of Germany, and the German painters who visited Italy, recognised the feeling that inspired them in all works which were supposed to be independent of a classic influence.

The degrees in which this spirit has prevailed have naturally varied. With many, the imitation of the earlier masters soon gave place to a juster estimate of the general character of the art. The antique has even, to a certain extent, reassumed its empire; but on the other hand, some of the best German artists have unflinchingly maintained the general principles above described, even to the present day; indeed not a few had at first returned to the old faith, and had imbued with it a still deeper attachment to the spirit of the early painters.

It is necessary to bear these facts in mind, in order to understand the particular aim which many (perhaps the best) of the German artists have in view. The veneration for the general spirit which prevailed at the revival of art was accompanied by an imitation of the characteristics and even the technical methods of the early painters; the habits and the productions of mediæval Italy were, as we have seen, easily associated with German feelings, and to this general imitation the adoption of fresco painting is partly to be attributed, though that art was never before practised by the Germans. Fresco painting was, in short, only one of many circumstances which had acquired interest and importance in the eyes of German painters from the above causes. The predilection for the early examples of Christian art did not exclude the study of better specimens created in the same spirit, but the indications of a classic influence

were sufficient to induce the consideration of the German school of art. The Third vanced more than that of the School of the fair to r and that compete of early some ver of the ed proposed a lapse style of employe English justice to conviction our own sufficient of art; t spirit of modified above all in conclus artists to ings, as Even the not to b for, to t any circui ing, woul the time, to disting to despia arts, as i are neces idence; i want of e nothing e than the part observed, real claim is unques excellen to find th than the who have Germany highly es pecially picture b Munich. If how first qual patriotic of encour tion a have seen early pro efforts: t the imita inspiring humilitati like man without r except as fresco pai from May the year cartoons, be the lo to paint in Houses of the works would be annually climate o respects b than Italy state to re the impre

were sufficient to condemn the finest works, and hence the later productions of Raphael were not considered fit models for study.

Let us now consider how far we, as Englishmen, can share these feelings and aims. If the national ardour of the Germans is to be our example, we should dwell on the fact that the arts in England under Henry the Third, in the 13th century, were as much advanced as in Italy itself; that our Architecture was even more characteristic and freer from classic influence; that Sculpture, to judge from Wells Cathedral, bid fair to rival the contemporary efforts in Tuscany, and that our Painting of the same period might fairly compete with that of Siena and Florence. Specimens of early English painting were lately to be seen, some very important relics still exist on the walls of the edifices at Westminster. The undertaking now proposed might be the more interesting, since, after a lapse of six centuries, it would renew the same style of decoration on the same spot. The painters employed in the time of Henry the Third were English; their names are preserved. Thus in doing justice to the patriotism of the Germans, the first conviction that would press upon us would be that our own country and our own English feelings are sufficient to produce and foster a characteristic style of art; that although we might share much of the spirit of the Germanic nations, this spirit would be modified, perhaps refined, by our peculiar habits; above all, we should entirely agree with the Germans in concluding that we are as little in want of foreign artists to represent our history and express our feelings, as of foreign soldiers to defend our liberties. Even the question of ability (although that ability is not to be doubted for a moment) is unimportant; for, to trust to our own resources should be, under any circumstances, the only course. Ability, if wanting, would of necessity follow. Many may remember the time, before the British army had opportunities to distinguish itself, when continental scoffers affected to despise our pretensions to military skill. In the arts, as in arms, discipline, practice, and opportunity are necessary to the acquisition of skill and confidence; in both a beginning is to be made, and want of experience may occasion failure at first; but nothing could lead to failure in both more effectually than the absence of sympathy and moral support on the part of the country. Other nations, it may be observed, think their artists, whatever may be their real claims, the first in the world, and this partiality is unquestionably one of the chief causes of whatever excellence they attain. It is sometimes mortifying to find that foreigners are more just to English artists than the English themselves are. Many of our artists who have settled or occasionally painted in Italy, Germany, Russia, and even in France, have been highly esteemed and employed. The Germans especially are great admirers of English art, and a picture by Wilkie has long graced the Gallery of Munich.

If however we are to look to the Germans, the first quality which invites our imitation is their patriotism. It may or may not follow, that the mode of encouraging native art which is now attracting attention at Munich is fit to be adopted here. We have seen that a considerable degree of imitation of early precedents is mixed up with the German efforts: this of itself is hardly to be defended, but the imitation of that imitation, without sharing its inspiring feeling, would be utterly useless as well as humiliating. The question of fresco painting is in like manner to be considered on its own merits, without reference to what the Germans have done, except as an experiment with regard to climate. The fresco painters of Munich generally work on the walls from May to September only; the greater part of the year is thus devoted to the preparation of the cartoons. Five months in the year would probably be the longest period in which it would be possible to paint in fresco in London. But assuming the new Houses of Parliament to be thus decorated, and that the works could not be completed before the rooms were wanted, the paintings could be continued annually in the autumn without inconvenience. The climate of England and Germany might in some respects be more favourable to the practice of fresco than Italy. The surface of the wall is in the fittest state to receive the colours when it will barely receive the impression of the finger (when more moist, the

ultimate effect of the painting is faint); this supposes the necessity of a very rapid execution in a warm climate, where the plaster would dry more quickly.

Fresco painting, as a durable and immovable decoration, can only be fitly applied to buildings of a permanent character. Not only capricious alterations, but even repairs cannot be attempted without destroying the paintings. There can be no doubt that the general introduction of such decorations would lead to a more solid style of architecture; at the same time the impossibility of change would be considered by many as an objection. This objection would not however apply to public buildings. In case of fire, frescos would no doubt be more or less injured or ruined, but they might not be so utterly effaced and destroyed as oil pictures in the same circumstances would be. On the whole, the smoke of London might be found less prejudicial than that of the candles in Italian churches. The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo could hardly have suffered more in three centuries from coal fires than from the church ceremonies, which have hastened its ruin. The superior brilliancy (looking at this quality alone) of frescos which adorn the galleries of private houses, where they have not been exposed to such injurious influences, is very remarkable; as, for example, in the Farnese ceiling. The occasional unsound state of some walls, even in buildings of the most solid construction in Rome, is to be attributed to slight but frequent shocks of earthquake. A ceiling painted, by one of the scholars of the Carracci in the Costaguti Palace in Rome, fell from this cause. Such disadvantages might fairly be set against any that are to be apprehended in London. With regard to the modes of cleaning fresco, the description of the method adopted by Carlo Maratti in cleaning Raphael's frescos when blackened with smoke happens to be preserved; but no doubt modern chemistry could suggest the best possible means.

The general qualities in art which fresco demands, as well as those which are less compatible with it, have been already considered. It may be assumed that it is fittest for public and extensive works. Public works, whether connected with religion or patriotism, are the most calculated to advance the character of the art, for as they are addressed to the mass of mankind, or at least to the mass of a nation, they must be dignified. Existing works of the kind may be more or less interesting, but there are scarcely any that are trivial or burlesque. This moral dignity is soon associated in the mind of the artist with a corresponding grandeur of appearance, and his attention is thus involuntarily directed to the higher principles of his art. In my evidence, I expressed the opinion that although a given series of frescos must be under the control of one artist, it would be quite possible to combine this very necessary condition with the employment of a sufficient number of competent artists by subdividing the general theme. Thus, if we suppose the general subject to be Legislation, it might combine the symbolic and dramatic styles, and even subjects of animated action. It might be subdivided, for example, into the history and progress of legislation, founded on religion and morals, and producing its effects in peace and war; exemplified in the one by industry and commercial enterprise, in the other by instances of the courage which results from a due appreciation of national benefits, and the feelings of loyalty and patriotism. Any subject of great and universal human or national interest might be made equally comprehensive. It has been assumed that the practice of fresco would be beneficial to English artists technically; we proceed to consider how it would affect them in other respects.

The painters employed on an extensive series of frescos would have to devote a considerable portion of their lives to the object. Such an undertaking would require great perseverance on their part. It is needless to say that they ought not to encounter any impatience or want of confidence on the part of their employers: the trial should be a fair one. It would hardly be possible for the artists to undertake any oil-pictures while so employed, and I confess I have some fears that, when debarred from the exercise of oil-painting, and confined to a severer and drier occupation, they might find their task irksome. One of the first artists at Munich, in writing to me not long since, said he sighed to return to oil-painting. If the German fresco painters can feel this regret at

giving up their first occupation, for so many years, it may be supposed that the English artists would experience such a feeling in a greater degree. When the King of Bavaria honoured me with a visit in Rome, he told me he had made an arrangement with Schnorr, and had given him employment in fresco for ten years: that excellent artist has now been occupied at Munich in public works for a much longer period. No hopes could be held out to the principal painters that they would find time for oil-painting as well, for their designs and cartoons would take up all their spare time. After a few years, when assistants were well formed, more leisure might be gained, and it was under these circumstances that Raphael painted in oil when employed by Julius the Second in Rome; but for the first three years after he began the frescos in the Vatican, he confined himself entirely to those labours; and Michael Angelo, as is well known, painted the ceiling of the Cappella Sistina alone.

The more general practice was however to employ assistants, and this is one of the serious considerations connected with the present inquiry. Owing to the self-educating system of painters in this country, the younger artists are more independent than they are elsewhere, and they might have some reluctance to co-operate in works in which their best efforts would only contribute to the fame of the artist under whom they worked. In Italy, and in recent times in Germany, this subordination was, however, not felt to be irksome, and the best scholars were naturally soon intrusted with independent works. It is possible the talents thus created would be employed to decorate private houses, but the Government would incur a sort of obligation not to leave a school thus formed unemployed, especially as the artists, from want of practice, might be less able to cope with those who had been exclusively employed in oil-painting. The result, however, might be that the school would gain in design, at some sacrifice of the more refined technical processes in colouring, in which the English painters now excel their Continental rivals. It is true some Italian painters, for example, Andrea del Sarto, the Carracci and their scholars, were equally skilful in oil and in fresco. The earlier masters were, however generally stronger in the latter; and Sir Joshua Reynolds observes that Raphael was a better painter in fresco than in oil.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—The new comedy, 'What will the World say?' is the first essay in five acts of Mr. Mark Lemon, one of the most prolific and not the least amusing and popular of contemporary farce-writers; and it is just such a slight, artificial, fabric of old theatrical materials, as a practised playwright might produce, without any draught upon his invention or great effort of skill. Yet though wanting alike in originality and verisimilitude, deficient both in plot and situation, and with more verbal conceits and pretty speeches in the dialogue than sallies of wit and pleasantry, there is a genial spirit and earnestness in the humour and sentiment which render agreeable what would be otherwise intolerable. As a dramatic composition it is but a bungling piece of work, in point of construction; and as a picture of life in the present day it is ridiculously unreal: *Lord Norwood*, who had supplanted his elder brother in the family title and estates, by the simple device of charging him with stealing a bracelet, turns his eldest son out of doors, penniless, for marrying the governess, but forgives the young couple when he discovers that the lady is the daughter of his discarded brother, who, under the name of Warner had acquired a fortune by commerce. How it happened that the only child of a wealthy merchant should have become a governess, is not explained. *Mr. Warner* has a ward, *Miss Mayley*, who is bent on marrying a lord, for the pleasure of being called "Your Ladyship," and has refused half a score of good offers from commoners; yet when a briefless barrister, *Mr. Pye Hilary*, intrudes himself into her presence under suspicious circumstances, and in the company of a very equivocal character, she at once favours his suit, on the strength of her maid's information that he is a lord in disguise, and does not change her mind when she discovers that she has been deceived. The attempt to make such puerile absurdities a vehicle for satire on the vices of aristocracy, and the follies of its worshippers,

is futile, and only exposes the would-be censor to ridicule. The plea for governesses also fails, from the exaggeration of the advocate, who represents a governess grossly insulted by an insolent footman, and dismissed from her situation in consequence, before the fellow's face; the lady, moreover, proving to be the daughter of a man of fortune. It would really seem as if authors, when they wrote for the stage, thought it necessary to falsify their pictures of character and society, instead of trying

"To catch the manners living as they rise;" to "show vice her own image, scorn her own feature" Mr. Mark Lemon has set up a monstrous caricature for their derision. Farren's performance of a *soldier* captain, *Scrope Taradiddle*—a character so unessential to the business of the plot that it was not necessary to name him in sketching the incidents—alone saved the piece: the scene in the fourth act, where this new version of the immortal *Beau Tibbs* is seen with his wife (Mrs. Humby) sharing the fire-side with damp linen and hot irons, and waxing eloquent between the whiffs of his pipe on the advantages of being independent of servants and laundresses, is a rich bit of farce, and includes the only effective situation in the whole five acts. The traits of good nature that redeem the baseness of this poor pretender create an interest in him, and render his follies amusing; and they are brought out by Farren with that *finesse* of dress and manner of which he is a master: his mock gentility is free from vulgarity, and his selfishness has a dash of the humourist; the way in which he evades the derogatory errand of going to buy potatoes without avowing his reluctance, and the coaxing tone with which he says to his wife "You'll get the potatoes?" are inimitable. Mrs. Glover, as *Lady Norwood*, may well be excused for not realizing the idea of a woman of fashion, having such a part to embody; and Brindal, as her footman, has a like justification for over-acting his part: Bartley, as the merchant, *Warner*, is a model of mercantile propriety; and Miss Cooper as his daughter, Mrs. Walter Lacy as his ward, and Mrs. Orger as the maid, do every justice to their several characters, which is more than can be said of the lovers, Messrs. Charles Mathews and J. Vining, who are mere walking gentlemen. The scenery and furniture are more real than the pictures of animated life.—A ballet of action, founded on Victor Hugo's 'Hans of Iceland,' has brought out the pantomimic talent of the company, which is considerable, and given an opportunity to the Messrs. Grieve to exhibit their ingenuity in producing scenic effects: the subject, however, is too sanguinary, and though the most revolting atrocities of the romance are necessarily omitted, enough of violence and bloodshed remains to give a disagreeable character to an entertainment which ought to be of a light and pleasurable kind. The story is well told by the mute action, and the stage presents a succession of striking and picturesque scenes, the uncouth and grotesque costumes contributing to the wild, outlandish effect of the incidents. Messrs. W. H. Payne, as the ogre-brigand *Hans of Iceland*, J. H. Ridgway, as his son *Gill*, Gilbert as the young soldier the rival of *Gill*, T. Ridgway as a comical Laplander, and Kerridge as a Lapland dwarf, exert themselves very efficiently; and *Hans's* pet and bone-picker, the *Bear*, plays a prominent part in the business of the stage with laudable intelligence and gravity, though he disturbs the gravity of the audience: Miss Ballin, as the heroine, is agile enough, but her pantomime does not extend to the expression of her face. Of the little dancing, that by Mr. and Miss Marshall is the best; and as for the music, it gave very sonorous evidence that Mr. Hughes is not well versed in the requisites for an accompaniment to a ballet of action. The scenery would have been more effective had less been attempted; the views are too crowded to give the effect of air and distance, and the mechanism by which the moon is made to rise in the opening scene, and the volcano to burst forth in the last, are too apparent: the reflexion of the setting sun and rising moon on the faces of the ruddy brick buildings, in the view of Trondheim, is, however, a brilliant imitation of nature, allowing for the inevitable velocity of elemental transitions in the stage world.

**HAYMARKET.**—Holcroft's prosy play, 'Deaf and Dumb,' has been aroused from the slumber of oblivion to which it had been left, to give Madame Celeste an opportunity of exhibiting her pantomimic

powers; but the experiment was not attended with success. The foundling *Julio*, the deaf and dumb boy, who is restored to rank and fortune by his benevolent protector, the *Abbé de l'Epée*, is a character that demands the mute eloquence of expression more than of gesture, in which last Celeste most excels; and her performance, therefore, did not create an impression sufficiently powerful to counterbalance the ludicrous effect produced by the other performers, and the sermonizing platitudes they had to utter.

The Concerts d'Été, at DRURY LANE, have wound up with a disastrous issue to both manager and performers, by way of lessening which Mr. Eliason took a benefit on Monday; and gave up the house to the orchestra for a like purpose. Nothing daunted by this failure, the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE reopens for Promenade Concerts, with M. Musard and a powerful band.—The ADELPHI commences its campaign of horrors on Monday; and the announcement of the marvels to be achieved in the opening piece is worthy of Vincent Crummies or Bajazet Gog; it speaks of a "novel scenic effect imagined by Mr. Yates," and of "peculiar appointments, which, in common with others dispersed throughout the metropolis, have emanated from the studies of himself and his own peculiar artists."—The NEW STRAND season is drawing to a close, and only a week or two remains for Mrs. Keeley's phrenological studies, and her husband's personation of *Punch*.

A Cast Iron Lighthouse has been constructed by Messrs. Bramah and Robinson, under the direction of Mr. Alexander Gordon, and may still be seen towering above the adjoining buildings at their manufactory at Pimlico. It is to be erected on the east coast of Jamaica. The following particulars are from the *Times*. The height from the foundation to the roof is 105 feet, 15 feet of which will be sunk into the solid rock, and loaded in and out with rubble and concrete. The whole tower is formed of iron plates, one inch in thickness, and of these plates there are nine tiers, eleven plates at the bottom, and nine at the top; the whole are bolted together with iron flanges, and when permanently fixed will also be cemented with iron cement, and thus, in effect, become one entire whole. To reduce the heat in the interior, which the strength of a tropical sun acting on a building of metal only one inch in thickness would render unbearable, the whole will have an interior lining of slate, with an interval of one inch and a half between it and the iron, by which a current of air will constantly be in circulation over the whole. The diameter of the tower is 18 feet 6 inches at the base, and decreases at the top to 11 feet 6. The entire weight of the whole fabric is exactly 100 tons. This lofty fabric was erected entirely without the aid of scaffolding, the expense of which, both here and on its final location in Jamaica, would have been very considerable: at present it stands upon the ground, and merely rests on a plane of temporary timber, &c. The manner in which this was effected is simple; the lower plates were secured together; a cross-beam passed over them, from which a derrick and cradle or windlass were fixed; by this the second tier of plates was elevated, and thus continued till the whole were placed in a very short time, and very few hands were necessary to effect it. The entrance is elevated from the ground 10 feet, and is reached by steps of iron. It is little more than two months since the order was given for the erection of this structure, and it has been some time entirely finished. The whole expense, including the plan, the building, the passage over the Atlantic, and the erecting it, will not exceed, it is said, 7,000*l*. At the top, the platform is a square of 16 feet, which consequently projects over the sides; this is surrounded by a rail, three feet in height.

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